

and the Chicago Smelter about one mile to the southwest, on the eastern bank of the lake. The ores used at these smelters come from the several mining districts in the vicinity to the east, south and west. The huge piles of bullion at the depot piled up, awaiting shipment, attest the business of the place.

Rush Valley, in the northern portion of which is Rush lake, is one of the class of valleys so often found in the Salt Lake and Nevada Basins—only varying in size. This is ten miles in length, and about three in width—land-locked, surrounded by mountain ranges, with a lake in the center and no visible outlet.

Returning to Salt Lake, "change cars" for Ogden, and again we take a look at the Great Overland trains. But we cannot think of neglecting to take a trip over the little

Utah Northern Railroad.

Principal office, Logan, Utah.

R. M. BASSETT.....*President.*
G. W. THATCHER.....*Superintendent.*
MOSES THATCHER.....*Secretary.*

This road is a three-foot narrow gauge; commenced March 29th, 1872, and extended at different times, and completed to Franklin, 80 miles, in 1874. Work is now progressing, and within the present year it is designed to have it completed to Old Fort Hall, on Snake River, 100 miles further—making in all 180 miles. The depot is about half a mile to the northeast of the depot of the Union and Central—and that much nearer the city of Ogden.

Leaving the depot, the road skirts the western edge of the city, across rich, broad, and well-cultivated fields, orchards and gardens, with the Wasatch Mountains towering to the right.

From Ogden, it is 4.5 miles to

HARRISVILLE—an unimportant side-track—and a short distance further, at the foot of a spur of the mountains, is one of the many hot springs which abound in the Great Salt Lake and Nevada basins. The springs in cold weather send up a dense cloud of vapor, which is visible for a long distance. They are strongly impregnated with sulphur and other mineral substances. The odor arising from them is very strong, and by no means pleasant for some people to inhale. This spring is close on the right of the road, and besides the steam continually arising from it, is

marked by the red-burnt soil, much resembling a yard, where hides are tanned.

From the cars an occasional glimps of Salt Lake can be obtained, with its numerous islands, lifting their peaks far far above the briny waters. The views will be very imperfect; but as we near Promontory Point, and after leaving that place, excellent views can be obtained. On the left, only a few hundred yards away, can be seen the track of the Central Pacific—and near, the unimportant station of Bonneville on that road. Near are some fine farming lands, which yield large crops of wheat, barley and corn.

With the rugged mountains on our right and the waters of the lake seen at times on our left, we find objects of interest continually rising around us. Far up the sides of the mountain, stretching along in one unbroken line, save where it is sun-dered by canyons, gulches, and ravines, is the old water-mark of the ancient lake, showing that at one time this lake was a mighty sea, washing the mountain sides several hundred feet above us. The old water-line is no creation of the imagination, but a broad bench, whereupon the well-worn rocks, the rounded pebbles, and marine shells still attest the fact that once the waters of the lake washed this broad upland. Beneath the highest and largest bench, at various places, may be seen two others, at about equal distances apart, showing that the waters of the lake have had three different altitudes before they reached their present level.

We are gradually rising up on to a high bench and will continue along near the base of the mountains for the next thirty miles. In places the view will be grand. The Great Lake at the southwest with its numerous islands in the distance, the well-cultivated fields in the foreground, together with the orchards and rippling rills from the mountain springs, which we cross every few minutes, make a beautiful picture; then back of all, on the east, rises the Wasatch, peak upon peak, towering to the skies.

From the last station it is 14 miles to

WILLARD—This is a quiet Mormon town of 700 inhabitants, and contains some fine buildings, but the greater portion are built of logs and adobe, yet neat and cosy. Most of the fences are of small willows interwoven through large willow stakes stuck in the ground. The mountains near this town present indications which would as-